case."
Having done this the Governor took the early train this morning for Nashville. He had hardly got clear of the town when a telegram was sent announcing the news from Oliver

When Saturday night passed without any

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1891.

OLIVER SPRINGS TAKEN. TENNESSEE MINERS HOLD FAST THE HOMES OF THEIR FATHERS.

Storming of Briceville and Coal Creek, Burning of the Stockades, and Flight of the 450 Convicts in the Mountain Forests-A Great Army of Sharpshooters that Springs Up and Vanishes in a Night-Consternation and Relpiessness of the State Authorities.

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 2 .- At 12:45 o'clock this orning the guard of the convict stockade at the Big Mountain mine, five miles north of Oliver Springs, heard a knocking and threatening voices at a door at the southeastern end of the fortification. At 1 o'clock 165 mur-derers, thieves and highwaymen were flying over the mountains, guided by the great binz-ing fire of the wooden fort. Thus the miners fulfilled their threat of five months ago.

The last convict has left the Walden's Ridge mining region. The stockades are dismantled or burned, and more than 450 desperadoes roam the mountains and valleys of northeastern Tennessee. Through the acts of these miners, violating the law when the law refused to aid them, the Government and the people of Tennessee find themselves faced by a complicated and porilous situation. Gov. Buchanan has confessed that he does not know what to do, and for once men of all par-

ties are in sympathy.

The situation is this. An armed and organized body of men has marched unopposed through a considerable part of the State, has demanded and received the surrender of the State's property, has released the State's prisoners-convicts of the worst stripe-yet it is impossible to pursue or face this small army of revolutionists, because this army melts away as completely as if it never existed when it has struck a blow, and then reassembles silently, ready to strike the next blow. It is fully armed and organized, perhaps the best equipped corps of sharpshooters ever got together; yet the names and homes and identity of the leaders and privates are unknown. The whole inci-dent is unique, even in the history of labor agitations. It was set on foot by workingmen for the lives of themselves, the living of their families, and this phase of the affair makes the other side of a question which at first seems to illustrate only their recklessness in freeing criminals.

From Knoxville a railroad runs northward

through the wildest part of the Tennessee Mountains. Twenty miles from Knoxville It branches. One arm continues northeasterly along the base of Walden's Ridge. On this branch lie the mining camps of Coal Creek and Briceville. The other arm crosses a gap in Walden's Ridge and extends along a spur through the vil-lage of Oliver Springs. A small railroad, like that from Briceville, in the heart of the range, to Coal Creek, connects Oliver Springs with the big Mountain Mine, four miles north. All this lonely region of steep mountain and deep and narrow valleys is inhabited by a mountain people. Their fathers and grandfathers and greatgrandfathers lived there beforethem. Daniel Boone and James Robertson came over there from North Carolina in 1760 with a few followers. Robertson remained and drew others about him, while one and his friends pressed on into Kentucks. These mountaineers are tall and gaunt. They are believers in the argument of shotguns, and are trained to wonderful skill in the handling of weapons. They are not immoral, their addiction to corn whiskey being their chief vice. Above all, they believe in m. Most of them are miners, and they make a struggle at farming, necessarily a weak struggle because of the steepness and stoniness of the ground, which hardly allows

foundation for their little cabins. When the Knoxville Iron Company introduced the first convicts into this region little was said about it. Mines were developing on all sides and work was plenty, but as the years passed the relations between the lessees of the mines and the independent mountaineers ocame more strained. Convicts were introduced at Oliver Springs, and the force of convicts at Coal Creek was doubled. Last spring the free miners of Briceville struck because the company refused to accede to a reasonable cesmand of theirs, a demand guaranteed the miners by the laws of the State. The Tennessee Coal Mining Company contracted with the lessees of the State's convicts for convict inborers to be put in at the Briceville mines. Early in July a few convicts were brought to Briceville, and were set to building a stockade. Then the free miners rebelled. They said that free and honest labor was being deprived of its support. They pointed to the fact that the mining region, once prosperous and happy, had become a place of degradation; that free men had to struggle with polluted murderers and thieves for a living; that convict labor cut down below the point of a bars living the wagos for the support of a man and his family. They demanded that these convicts be withdrawn at once. This demand was refused.

Alon the morning of July 113 the early train from Briceville left in the street of knowling forty-one convicts who had been at work upon the stockade at the Briceville mine. The news spread through knowled than the miners had arisen and, in defiance of the law, had thrust the convicts out of Briceville. The Governor at once put the militia behind the lessees of the convicts and led them back into the mountains. He had no sooner departed than his militia, the 41 convicts at Briceville, and the 100 and more convicts at the Knowville Iron Company's mine were sent tumbling unceremonously after him. And then it dawned upon him and his advisers, all of whom hail from the western and level parts of the State, and therefore have no knowledge of the mountaineers, that he had no power to correct he miners; that it was impossible to correce a people so numerous so determined, and so happily situated for self defence. Then the Governor and the nonplussed State officials. The Governor and a conwittee of miners met and acreed that the convicts should be allowed to return to work undisturbed until the Legislature should meet and discussed their man and their had in no way violated their part o the company refused to accede to a reasonabl esmand of theirs, a demand guaranteed the

return to work undisturbed until the Legislature should meet and change laws which all admitted were unjust.

The Legislature was called in September. The miners had kept quiet, and had in no way violated their part of the agreement. The legislature refused abruptly to carry out what the Governor advised, even implored, it to do. The Legislature saw that the Governor had been blaffed, frightened, by the clamors of a set of mountaineers with guns. They said that the convict system was worth \$100,000 in cash to the State and that the state could not get along without it. The east Tennessee members argued, introduced belief, forewarned, but all in vain. The meet of western and middle Tennessee lay in keeping the convict lease system and thereby keeping down the fax rate. So this farmers' Alliance Legislature crushed all mereiful mensures and passed a law giving the Governor greater control over the militia, and another law making it a severe crime to interfer with convicts or convict lessees.

These mountaineer miners are ignorant. One reads a newspaper to a group of flity who cannot read. They do not understand much about Degislatures. They could see clearly that their homes and families were in danger, and that this law which they were told to respect was simply a machine in the interests of their enemies. They had the sympathy of all the people of the castern part of the State. They had in fresh memory lie way the milita had seconted at the lirst threat of battle. It would not have been strange had they broken loose then. But they did not, and the cutside world said that they would not dare to carry out their terrible threat of releasing the convicts. The reason for delay shows plainity the patience of their determination to have justice. Their lawyers had a case in court against sub-letters of convicts. The reason for delay shows plainity the patience of their determination to have justice. Their lawyers had a case in court against sub-letters of convicts. The reason for delay shows plainity the patience of th

could not be sub-lettis hether passed from the custody of the State whose laws did not designate stockades in mining camps as lawful pen-itentiaries, but only the penitentiary at Nash-ville. They asked that the sub-let convicts be sent back to the Nashville penitentiary and be not hald lilegally in stockades. Had they won the convicts would have been banished from

the minns regions peaceably and forever. They did win in the lower court, and, when Judge sneed announced his decision, there was re-joicing in the mountains and great relief in Knoxville.

The rejoicing was short lived. On Oct. 25 the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the lower court. The miners expressed great regret on hearing this, but made no renewal of their threats. On last Thursday evening they held a great meeting on the level bit of country known as Thistle Switch, and lying in the very heart of the mountain fastnesses. Those who read the stories in The Sux at the first breaking out of trouble will recall that all those meetings for conspiracy were held at this place. It is convenient to all the scattered and ione-some homes of the mountaineers, and they approach it from every direction. On this rasticular Thursday afternoon all the miners, their wives, and their children came. No one was armed, and, while the faces were sad, they were not bitter.

The miners heard the report of the committee, the story of failure. They showed no sign of approval or disapproval, and whon the compart that does do their acceptance of the law, and would go peaceably away from the mountains of their forefathers to find a livelihood in a more favorable place, they dispersed quietly. Those who had come to the meeting to watch the way the mountaineers would swallow their disappointment were completely deceived. They went away with the opinion that the mining troubles in East Tennessee had reached a sad but peaceable conclusion. Meesrs. Ford and Alleman stayed in Briceville to confirm this view and roport it to the Governor. These officials, who talked with any number of mountaineers on that Thursday and the day after, admit that they had no hint of the terrible thing that was coming.

On Friday evening the station agent at Coal Croek noticed that a good many strango mountaineers came down in the trains from Jellico, and that others came up from the direction of Clinton. But he thought nothing of this, nor did anybody suspect what lay back of the very plausible arrest of two of the guards at Briceville by a Coal Croek constable. But anybody who had been in a secure hiding place near Thistle Switch on Friday

walked dover an opened the door. A man whom he had never seen before entered and said:

"We have come for the convicts and to burn the stockade. Give me the keys."

This man wore no mask, and he said this as simply as one might ask for a glass of water. The guard said:

"We haven't got the keys here."

Then he stepped outside just to see who this "we" was and how much there was of it. By the light thrown from the open door into the pitch darkness he saw several hundred men, and noticed that each earried a gun pointed downward. The guard went in again and called the Warden, who presently came in a state of great nervousness. The man who spoke for "we" repeated his demand. The Warden had brought the keys to the sleeping rooms with him and handed them over. "Now git!" said the man and the ten filed through the long double line of rifle barrels and paused, far off where they were soon joined by the two guards, who had gone out for air, and had found their supply cut off suddenly by hands ciapped over their mouths from behind.

The leader of the mountaineers unlocked the doors of the sleeping apartments. The convicts had heard the unusual sound in that deathly mountain silence, and were all sitting up. With the opening of the door they lay down as if shot, thinking the guards were at hand, and knowing they would be shot if caught sitting up. But the mountaineers shouted to them:

"Git up, boys, and scoot for it. We've got."

shouted to them:

"Git up, boys, and scoot for it. We've got hold of this here blockade, and you are free."

The convicts showed no special enthusiasm at first. It was not until the mountaineers began to hand them The convicts showed no special enthusiasm at first. It was not until the mountaineers began to hand them old clothes that the convicts grasped the idea that liberty was theirs. A convict abroad in the tattered stripes, synonymous in Tennessee minds with all that is degraded and hase, would be no more free than in a stockade under the flash of a Winchester barrel. But a convict with a change of outer garments is quite another man. So they grabbed the clothing and fled, without pausing to put them on. Soon there was a great rolling of stones and crashing of brush that told how rapidly 160 men were making for the Kentucky border line, fifty miles away. The mountaineers searched carefully through all the buildings of the stockade. They found 100 fine guns put there for the use of the guards against just such a contingency. They found provisions which they packed upready for taking away. In the hospital they found several ill convicts, whom they removed to an old building a good distance from the stockade.

When the last living thing had left that stockade a laurrel of oll was tapped and the mattresses were soaked in it. Then some one set fire to the stockade, and the guards, watching, from a distance, heard a great shout, and then a hurst of flame. As the light spread they and the mountaineers withdrew into the shadows, but the latter kent up the wild shouting and the occasional firing of their guns in the air. Commissioners Alleman and Ford, sitting in a house half a mile away, writing their reports, stopped their work and ran to the windows. Commissioner Ford had just finished writing to the Governor that all was quited a Briceville. The ink was not dry when he saw a great light against the sky and the mountains.

"Alleman," he said, "that report of mine will never be sent."

The mountaineers passed the house on their journey down the valley. They never stopped until they came to the big stockade of the Knoxville Iron Company. They surrounded it and called loudly upon the Warden to surrender.

He came out instant

render.

He came out instantly and gave up the keys.

He came out instantly and gave up the keys. Here 150 convicts were released and were assisted to changes of clothing to the full extent of the mountaineers' power. They had not enough clothes left, so they broke open the shop of Storekeeper Chumley and handed out such garments as his stock afforded. Then they made ready to burn the stockade, while the guards and the Warden watched with guns in their hands. But Mr. Chumley came out and begged them not to set fire to anything.

"My wife is at the point of death over my shop and she cannot be moved." he said.

When convinced that he spoke the truth, the miners contented themselves with smashing the glass, tearing up the mattresses, ruining the furniture, and chopping out sections of the stockade.

stockade.

By this time it was 2 o'clock. The operator at Coal Creek had tried to send word to Knoxville that the Bricoville stockade was burned. The mountainiers had cut the wires, so knoxville knew nothing of what had happened except that Clinton had seen a glare against the sky and had heard guns firing. vine knew nothing of what had happened except that Clinton had seen a glare against
the sky and had heard guns firing.
The next day, Saturday, the news was everywhere and the whole State was amazed and
frightened. The thought of those 380 conviets, without restraint, wild with delight at
their liberty, and full of long-restrained
crimes, was enough to terrify reputable people
who like to go abroad in security.
Crowds came up on the trains to look at the
dismantled stockade and the smoking ruins
six miles above. All along the valley were
strewn the striped garments which the escaping convicts had thrown off as they
ran. Tronsers, tattered shirts, bits of
striped cloth lay upon rocks, in busbes, and
shook in the wind from the branches of trees.
But of the mob there was no trace. Not a convict, not a suspicious-looking mountaineer to
be seen.

The convicts had fied. They are heard of

vict, not a suspicious-looking mountaineer to be seen.

The convicts had fied. They are heard of now and then through the mountains, begging here, eleeping there, walking along the roadsekulking helind rocks and trees.

The visitors found the usual inhabitants of Coal Creek and Briceville about. They were laughing a good deal and joking one another, but they did not in the least resemble the mob of the alight before.

That mob had vanished as if it were a dream that some tired guard had had, and in this vanishing lay the discomfiture of the Governor and the powers of the State. There was no one

and stood with cocked rifies.

"Who is there? What do you want?" said one guard.

"Open the door or I'll throw this dynamite against it." was the reply.

At this the convicts, most of whom were negroes, set up a great howl, begging the guards to open the door.

This guards did so, but through no persuasion of the convicts. Outside, almost surrounding the stockade, were armed men, some masked, others merely sooted, but all had rifles. The leader ordered the guards to get away as quickly as possible. It is said that at this command one guard dropped his gun and ran like a hounded deer until he reached his own house. The mounted mountaineers set about the business that had been done on the other side of the range. The storeroom was burst open, and such of its contents as could supplement what provision the horsemen had brought for the convicts was utilized generally. The supply of clothing was small, however, and the leader saw that it was given to the convicts of short term, and, therefore, less criminality. When as many convicts as possible were supplied the leader said:

"Now, boys, skip out; make for the north.," Which way is north?" asked a convict who knew neither the stars nor the mountains.

"That way," said the leader pointing. "Make a bee line, If you haven't got cloth-sak at the miners' houses. They'll fit you out." So theyes and murderers, burners of houses, and men guilty of all sorts of outrages fied over the mountain. They scattered their clothes as they went, and Big Mountain Valley was decorated as the valley from Bricevills to Coal Creek had peen two nights before.

over the mountain. They scattered their clothes as they went, and Big Mountain Valley was decorated as the valley from Briceville to Coal Creek had been two nights before.

The mountaineers dismounted. A few watched the guards, who stood not far away. The same diamounting as at the Briceville stockade took place, and then the saturated mattresses were set on fire. Soon the stockade was plazing. The flames had caught the roof of the Superintendent's house near by, and Oliver's Springs, four miles away, was awakened by a sudden light at its windows As the fire blazed up the mountaineers got on their horses and watched it from the concealment of the trees. Some one shouted: "Hurrah for the end of the convicts in these parts!"

They set up a shout and then rode away rapidly and silently toward the east. The operator at Oliver Springs did not send any news of it until he had his breakfast this morning.

Just before the stockade was attacked five men rode up to his station door, one of them called him out.

"Ain't it about time you shut up shop and went home?" he asked.

"I don't have to stay any later," said the went home?" he asked.
"I don't have to stay any later," said the

went home?" he asked.

"I don't have to stay any later," said the operator.

"Well." said the man. cracking his gun and making the barrel go up and down slowly several times; "well. I guess you won't stay hereabouts. You'll go home and to bed, hey?"

"I guess that's the best place for me," said the operator, laughing, and he soon had the lights out and the door locked. When he did send the news to Knoxville it created the greatest sensation since that first landing of ousted convicts in July. The first question was: "Where did the horses come from?" This was soon answered. All those small farmers in and around the mountains are heartily with the mountainsers and what they are doing. These farmers lent the horses for the night, and should dov. Buchanan send out a searching party for the cavairy mob, that party would find no trace of it. The cavairy mob has disappeared as the infantry mob disappeared. Only this last blow was more sensational, and more effective, too, in that it was a sort of climax.

The mountaineers have fulfilled their throats. The last convict is gone from the Waldern's Range region. The stockades are destroyed, and those who have done it all are apparently safe from the law. It seems to be the general impression that no more leased convicts will toil up the slopes of Waldern's Range, that the convict system in east Tennessee is ended But while this may be true, it is also true that the Government of Tennessee cannot allow its laws to be thus defantly violated.

this may be true, it is also true that the Gov-ernment of Tennessee cannot allow its laws to be thus deflantly violated. The Governor's offer of rewards is well enough, people beyond this district are say-ing, but the Governor will never get any results from that, and it does seem impossible that any arrests will be made in that way. It is thought that the Governor has hired detectives from New York or Chicago to come down and ferret out the leaders of the mob, but if they are arrested no one will now doubt that the mountaineers will take re-venge.

THERE'S A BABY OFLRICHS. It is a Boy, and It Weighs Eleven Pounds

Herrman Celrichs of 453 Fifth avenue has got a baby, and his friends say he is as delighted as if Fassett were going to be elected. It is a boy. The boy was born at 8:10 last night. It was

The boy was born at 5:10 last night. It was expected, and Mr. Oelrichs was at home. He wasn't much at home to callers, though, after the bey came, but he saw each one for a moment. He was in dressing gown and slippers and said he was asting as private secretary to the newcomer. The boy weighs 11 pounds 7 ounces. He is as lusty as he is big. Mr. Oelrichs says, and both he and the mother are doing. The old man will pull through, too, he says. doing. The old man war part through, to says.

The mother was Miss Theresa Alice Fair, a daughter of ex-Senator Fair of Nevada, whose millions were drawn largely from the Comstock mines. She was born in Virginia City in 1870, and made her formal entrance into society in 1887. Her marriage to Mr. Oelrichs, which took place at the Fair residence in San Francisco on June 3, 1890, was celebrated with great brilliancy.

Harrigan's Tough Girl to be Married. A wedding cake was delivered at the stage door of Harrigan's Theatre on Saturday evendoor of Harrigan's Theatre on Saturday evening, addressed to Miss Ada Dewis, the tough
girl of Harrigan's "Reilly and the 400."

Miss Lewis cut the cake behind the scenes
and found an engagement ring inside. Manager Hawley told the romance of the cake
and ring to a lot of interested inquirers
last night. He said that the present
had been sent by James Wright, a San
Francisco merchant, who met her in the West
long before she made her hit here. The cake
and ring were a hint from the lover, Manager
Hanley said, that they were to be engaged.
He said that Miss Lewis was to become Mrs.
Wright at the Christmas holidays.

Well Worth Trying. Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure for bronchitis, rheum ashma, catarrh, maiaris, scrofula. One tris 82º Broadway. - Adr. The Broadway and Boaton Express leaves Br and L I City, via Long Island and Eastern Stat at 11 P. M. daily, see E. H. column. - Adr.

to attack, no one to send militia against, no one to arrest. Suspicion at first alighted upon the men who had been foremost in the former agitation, but by a suspiciously happy chance all these men were in Knoxville on Friday night at the theatre.

The Governor was telegraphed for and reached here on Sunday morning. Attorney-General Pickle was already here. The two were closeted in the Governor's room in the hotel all day.

The Governor sent to the newspaper offices two proclamations. The first offers a reward of \$25 for each convict captured. The second is aimed at the mountaineers. It said:

"Wherea, An armed mob has overpowered the Warden and guards and has set at liberty convicts and has despolled and burned private property: Now, therefore, I, John P. Buchanan, Governor of the State of Tennessee, do hereby offer \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of the leaders of said mob, the sum of \$250 to be paid after final judgment in each case." KILLED HIS WIFE'S LOVER. HENRY L BETTS'S JUSTIFICATION FOR SHOOTING MR. BLINH.

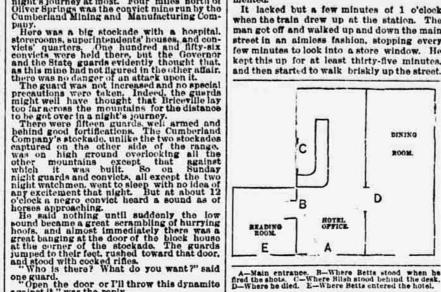
Mrs. Betts West to South Dakota to Ob-tain a Divorce, It la Said, in Order to Marry Bilsh-He Was Preparing to Leave Peckskill, Presumably to Join Her. A short and rather slim man, dressed neatly and with much care, boarded the Peekskill train, which left the Grand Central depot at 11:30 o'clock yesterday forenoon. He entered the smoking car and, without even the casual glance about him which the ordinary passen-

ger bestows upon his surroundings, seated himself and stared out of the window. He appeared to be a man of, say, 40 years, and he looked somewhat careworn. He had a thick brown moustache, which drooped at the ends, and dark brown hair, which had grown so long as to stick out noticeably under the

When Saturday night passed without any sign of further violence, and when people who visited Briceville on Sunday found everything so quiet, the hope that violence was at an end began to be indulged in. But there was a feeling of unrest.

Oliver Springs lay not far across the mountains from Briceville and Coal Creek, a half a night's journey at most. Four miles north of Oliver Springs was the convict mine run by the Cumberland Mining and Manufacturing Company. rim of the derby that he wore. preoccupied fashion until the train arrived at Peekskill. As he left the car the conductor wondered whether he was worried or demented.

It lacked but a few minutes of 1 o'clock when the train drew up at the station. The man got off and walked up and down the main street in an aimless fashion, stopping every few minutes to look into a store window. He kent this up for at least thirty-five minutes and then started to walk briskly up the street.



A-Main entrance. B-Where Betts stood when he fired the shots. C-Where Blish stood behind the desk D-Where he died. E-Where Betts entered the hotel. In front of the Eagle House, the principal hotel of the place, he stopped. Through the main door, which was flung wide open, he saw Charles Blish, the proprietor, standing behind

the desk in the office. Blish was bending over, pen in hand, showing the clerk who stood beside him something he had written on a scrap of paper which lay

on the desk. The man walked past the main entrance to the door leading into the reading room, where he turned sharply and entered. With firm tread he walked rapidly to the door which led into the office close by the edge of the desk. As he walked this short distance he unbut toned the heavy overcoat which he wore and drew from his hip pocket a large, bright re-

drew from his hip pocket a large, bright revolver.

As he appeared in the doorway the loungers in the office saw the revolver sweep through the air until its barrel pointed straight to Mr. Blish's back. One more step and the man was within four feet of Mr. Blish.

Tye got you now, you —!" he said in a low voice. Then, before Mr. Blish could even turn his head, he lired Mr. Blish's arms flew up wildly, and with a cry of pain he started to run from behind the desk. Then came another shot which struck him in the shoulder.

He managed to stagger seroes the office into the dining room, as if he would hide from his assailant. As he enforced two servants rushed forward and caught him. But at that moment he died. So heavy was he that they had to let him fall to the floor, where his blood stained the carpet.

and then turned calmin and water the reading room.

Elbert Kipp, a livery stable keeper, who had been in the billiard room, came face to face with the man, who held the still smoking revolver in his hand.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

The man calmly put the weapon back into his hip pocket and answered a quiet, easy voice:

voice: I've shot Blish. He broke up my family and ruined me."
"Who are you?"
"Who are jo Betts. Where is

"Who are you?
"I'll find a policeman," Mr. Kipp said. "You stay here. Do not go out."
But the man followed him out, and on the sidewalk they almost ran into David S. Monsarrat, the clerk who had stood beside Mr. Blish, and who had gone for a doctor.
"Hello, Davie," Mr. Betts said.
"Are you crazy, Mr. Betts said.
"Blish has ruin id my home," was the sullen crawer.

They walked down the street a short way They walked down the street a short way and met a policeman, who, after learning what had happened, arrested Betts and took him to the office of Justice of the Peace Barton.

Mr. Monsarrat, the clerk, went to the drug store, but the druggist would not leave his place. He found Dr. Knight at home and urged him to hurry to the hotel. Dr. Knight had hardly entered the hotel before two other physicians arrived. But a glance sufficed to tell that Mr. Blish was dead.

The first cullet had struck him in the small of the back to the right of the spine, and, after glancing upward diagonally and piercing one side of the heart, had lodged in the muscles of the left breast. The second tullet had merely caused a slight flosh wound in the right shoulder.

The physicians marvelled that the victim had been able to stagger across the room as far as he did, as death should, according to

The physicians marvelled that the victim had been able to stagger across the room as far as he did, as death should, according to theory, have been almost instantaneous.

When the shooting occurred there were six or seven men seated idly about the office discussing politics. Among them was Coroner Sutton, who sat so near the desk that he felt or imagined he felt, the heat of the pistol finsh.

When the first shot was fired every sound was hushed, and the men sat too much surprised to more.

Sutton, who sat so near the desk that he felt. or imagined he felt, the heat of the pistol finsh.

When the first shot was fired every sound was hushed, and the men sat too much surprised to move. But with the second shot there began a stampede for the door. Coroner Sutton expected that the pistol was going to fire a third time and wanted to get out of the way. He was the first to stumble precipitately out of the office.

But when the commotion was over, and when they knew that Mr. Blish was dead and Mr. Betts safe in jail, then the floodgates of memory were opened and within an hour everybody remembered the old-time scandal between Mr. Blish and Mrs. Betts. During the rest of the day it was the talk of the town.

When brought before the Justice of the Peace Mr. Betts said his full name was Henry L. Betts. He refused to make any further statement. He was committed to the city prison, to be taken to the White Plains jail today, where he will await the action of the Grand Jury. To a reporter who was admitted to the jail Mr. Betts said:

"Mr. Blish has broken up my home. He has ruined my life. I am sorry for what I did but I have nothing further to live for. He led my wife astray, and to-day she is living thousands of miles away from me.

"Bish and my wife became acquainted in 1883 Mr. Blish was a bacheior and my wife liked him. They were often together, but I never suspected anything until about a year ago. Then she went to Paris with our five calledren, and he went after her. I gave her nearly \$100,000, but she gave most of it to him. When they came back and he bought the Eagle Hotel, she often came up with the children and stopped here. Then she went out to south Dakota, where she is now, to try and get a divorce from me so that she could marry Blish.

"I heard she got the divorce on Saturday, and I got desperate, and—and—well, that's all there is about it."

Mr. Betts told all this in an incoherent, disjointed way, and after he had finished he refused in the residence of the missing links of the story.

They r

room which Mrs. Betts had used as a sleeping apartment where they placed it on ice in a

room which Mrs. Betts had used as a sleeping apartment where they placed it on ice in a metallic box.

On the wall above the body hung a large photograph of Mrs. Betts. The large, iuminous eyes were wide open as if in wonder as they looked down upon the face of the dead man.

The Coroner had already empanelled a jury, and the twelve men came up with heads bared, and moved in a circle around the box. So that each could get a fair view of the body. They saw the remains of a powerful man, magnificently developed in every muscle.

He weighed 225 pounds, and yet the weight was evenly distributed. He had the proportions of an athlete. The face was round and full, but very plain. He had a small, lightbrown moustache, and white, even teeth.

After the jury had viewed the body they retired to a corner of the billiard room, where the inquest began.

Mr. Monsarrat, who had stood beside Mr. Bilish when he was shot, said to the reporter:

"Mr. Bilish was 42 years old. He was born in New York, and came of an old family. His father, I believe, had large contracts for some city work, and the family has a lawsuitagainst the city in progress now.

He was never married, and as far as I can remember has always been in the hotel business. For six or seven years he was steward of the Pierrepont House in Brockiyn.

He was manager of the Brighton Beach Hotel for a few seasons, and in 1881 he bought the Boolittle House in Oswego. He owned that until 1884. I remember that he often saw Mrs. Betts in Oswego after he sold the lotel. I was with him there for a while, and became acquainted with Mr. Betta. Mr. Blish bought this place of Ambrone Parsons in January He paid 312,000 for it, and it was said that he had obtained the money from Mrs. Betta

uary He paid \$12,000 for it, and it was said that he had obtained the money from Mrs. Betta.

She was a frequent visitor here and they were often together. When she went out to south Dakota with her children it was understoed that she was too btain a divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion. Then she was to marry Mr Blish.

"This is my first day here, and I was to manage the hotel in Mr. Blish's absence. He intended going away in a day or two, to be gone for some time. I presume he intended to go to South Dakota. He was standing beside me making some memoranda for my guidance during his absence, when Mr. Betts came in. When the shot was ilred I thought it was a firecracker, but as soon as I saw who it was I know at once what was the matter.

"Mr. Blish's mother lives in New Rochelle and he has a married sister in Beston. I do not know whether Mr. Betts had any business, He has lots of money, and I believe he is a man of leisure. He was padly devoted to his wife, and did all he could to keep her away from Mr. Blish, but she was bound to have her own way."

The Coroner examined everybody who had

wife, and did all he could to keep her away from Mr. Hilsh, but she was bound to have her own way."

The Coroner examined everybody who had witnessed the shooting without learning anything new. He sent for the prisoner and asked him whether he cared to make any statement. In a cool, self-possessed manner Mr. Betts refused to say anything.

Mr. Monsarrat, the clerk, when called before the Coroner, said he heard that Mrs. Betts had had her husband placed in an insane asylum. He did not know any of the particulars, however, having merely heard it as a rumor.

At 9 o'clock Mrs. Blish, the mother of the dead man, arrived. She is an old, gray-haired woman, and her face was as pale as death. When they raised the lid of the coffin and revealed the face she fell to the floor in a faint. A physician was summoned, and after some effort he succeeded in bringing her to.

The policeman who had arrested Mr. Betts produced a big box of cartridges which he had found in the prisoner's pocket.

The revolver with which he had killed Mr. Blish is a heavy five-chambered Bmith & Wesson of thirty-eight calibre. It contained after the shooting three loaded cartridges and two empty ones.

STAMPED OUT THE FIRE. Another Attempt to Burn a Tenement in Brooklyn Frustrated.

Joseph Rogers was arrested last night and locked up in the Bedford avenue police station in Williamsburgh by Saloonkeeper Henry Schellting of attempting to fire the tenement,

7 Marcy avenue.

Rogers lives with his wife and two children on the second floor of the tenement. Schellting owns a saloon at 304 North Second street. just around the corner from the Marcy avenue house. He told the police that shortly after 6 o'clock a boyran into his saloon and told him Rogers was setting fire to the house. He ran into the Marcy avenue house and met Rogers coming out of his room. Rogers had in his hand a roll of blazing paper. Through the open door he saw blazing heaps of paper and rags in the centre of the floor. liogers ran back and shut the door after him.

floor. Riogers ran back and shut the door after him.

Schelting broke in the door, he says, and stamped out the fire. Then he dragged Rogers to the street and handed him over to a policeman. At the police station Rogers appeared to be very dunk, but the police think he was abanying.

shamming.
The house 7 Marcy avenue is a double tenement, shelvering six families. Rogers's wife and children were visiting a neighbor. At the time of the discovery of the fire no alarm of fire was sent out.

A few of the tenants had heard of the fire, but none of them knew anything about llokers's attempt to burn the house.

ORATOR M'AULIFFE SHUT OFF.

Arrested at a County Democracy Meeting for Stabbing a Man in the Street. For years John McAuliffe, a sturdy, middle-

ged butcher, who lives at 421 West Thirtyninth street, has been known as a "bad man" among the many tough characters that hang out in cheap west side saloons. His activity as a County Democrat is no mean part of his fame. As a nickname he has been dubbed 'Jinks.'

Last night William Hinch, a young bricklayer of 321 West Thirty-sixth street, met a friend who was intoxicated, and started take him home. At Thirty-sixth street and Eighth avenue they met McAuliffe, who had been drinking and was anxious to add to his reputation. He stopped Hinch, and, after showering a few epithets upon him, pulled a large necknife from his pocket and stabbed the bricklayer twice in the face. One wound opened Hinch's left cheek to the bone, and the other made an ugly cut just above the bridge of the nose. Satisfied with his work. McAuliffe sauntered on, leaving Hinch covered with blood.

Hinch was helped to a physician's, where his cuts were sewed up. Information of the affair reached the West Thirty-seventh street police and Detective Smith started after McAuliffe. He found him at 508 Eighth avenue, haranguing a County Democratic ratification meeting, over which Tom Costigan presided Detective Smith interrupted McAuliffe's speech by putting him under arrest. Hinch was taken home. Eighth avenue they met McAuliffe, who had

ILLUMINATING THE TOWER.

The Lights Turned upon the Gilded Dinns and Her Lofty Pedestal with Fine Effect, If Mr. Pain of the Coney Island pyrotechnic displays could have seen the great and beauti ful tower of Madison Square Garden as the showers of colored fires flew around it last night he would have had a spasm of envy.

At 10 o'clock last night such New Yorkers as were abroad in the vicinity saw the chast Diana wreathed in the gorgeous fires o Chinese invention. A perfect shower of bombs

Chinese invention. A perfect shower of bombs, roman candles, sky rockets, and other brilliant colored firsworks were whirling about the goddess's head, and red and blue fires were burning at her feet.

A more respiendent spectacle has never been seen in this part of the country, and, in spite of the cold wind that was blowing at that height, the topmost point in the tower was crowded with sightseers. So were Madison square and the windows of the hotels in the vicinity.

Probably the sallors of incoming vessels thought that they had mixed dates and that it was the Tuesday night's celebration of Mr. Flower's election.

Senator Cantor's Wife Bend

Julia Cantor, wife of Senator Jacob A. Cantor, died at her residence, 140 East 104th street, at 10 o'clock last night. She had been an invalid from heart disease for the last six months and had been at the point of death for the past six

days.

She had been unconscious since Thursday, and Senator Cantor had been with her constantly, and had taken no part in the canvass for his rediection. Senator Cantor was married in August, 1838. His wife's maiden name was Lowenthal. She was the daughter of a retired The funeral will take place on Thursday from the house. Dr. Gottheil of the Fifth Avenue Temple will probably officiate. He officiated at the wedding of the Senator.

"Y. & S." Htick Licories,

ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLING \$2,000,000.

President Potter and Directors French Dana Arrested.

BOSTON, Nov. 2.-President Asa P. Potter of the defunct Maverick Bank is a prisoner at his summer home in Cohasset, Col. Jonas H. French is guarded by a United States officer at his Commonwealth avenue residence, and Thomas Dana, another director of the bank, is a paroled prisoner under \$75,000 bonds.

These three men were arrested this evening on warrants issued by United States Commissioner Hallott charging them with embezzling the funds of the bank, of which they were custodians. The aggregate amount said to have been embezzled by these three directors is \$2,000,000,divided as follows: President Potter, \$1,100,000; Col. French, \$600,000; Mr. Dana, \$300,000. This allegation will create a greater sensation than the wreck of the bank. Although it was generally known that President Potter had been reckless in his speculations, there have been few who laid the charge of criminal practices at his door.

This arrest of the three leading directors two of whom have national reputations, will be a surprise to their friends all over the country. The United States officials. District Attorney Allen, Assistant District Attorney Wyman, and Commissioner Hallett were closeted for several hours this afternoon with Mr. M. F. Dickinson, Jr., counsel for Mr. Potter, and Col. French, and during the session Post-master Hart was admitted for a few minutes. Meantime Marshal Dohorty and his deputie bobbed in and out and watched the door of the room in which the conference took place and the doors of the bank on the opposite side of the street.

At about 6 o'clock the conforces separated. all giving to waiting reporters the statement that there would be nothing of interest until co-morrow. They admitted that there might be some news then.

But in spite of that bluff the Marshal and

his deputies were on the hunt for their men, with warrants in their pockets for their arrest on the charge of wilful misappropriation of the funds of the bank. It was not much of a hunt for the prisoners were not making any effort to escape. They probably had an inkling of what was coming, and each arranged his affairs accordingly. Mr. Potter took the 4:15 P. M. train for Cohasset, and Col. French started at the same time for his home on the Back Bay. Each was followed by a deputy marshal and each was formally placed under arrest. But the arresting officer decided not to make an official return of the warrant until morning, so the two prisoners were allowed to remain at their respective

Mr. Dana was arrested at his home. He had prepared himself for the arrest and was ready with bail. He was taken before Commissioner Hallett, who admitted him to ball in \$75,000. All three of the prisoners will be arraigned be fore Commissioner Hallett to-morrow morning. but as it is a State holiday on account of the election, the hearing will be postponed until later in the week.

Although the complainants in these cases

against the bank's officers are not yet known, it is understood that they are bona fide criminal cases, and not technical charges only.

The figures given above show a gross viola-tion of the clause in the National Banking law. which forbids loans by a national bank to any single individual amounting to more than 10 por cent. of its capital stock, but it is understood that the complaints are not based upon this law.

It is rumored that forged paper to a considerable amount has been traced to the late Nervy Evans. This rumor is denied by Mr. Evans's assignees.

FORTY FEET TO THE RIVER.

A Train Falls From a Bridge but None of the Crew is Killed. DANVILLE, Nov. 2.-At 5% this morning an Danville Railroad collided with coal cars pushed by a shifting engine. The collision took place on the iron bridge across the Dan River, and the shock was so great that one span of the bridge was knocked from the abutment, carrying with it the engine and four cars, all of which fell into the river, forty feet below. The water was shallow, however, and the engine was not entirely submerged. J. P. Mingate, engineer; J. E. Royal, conductor; O. C. McKinnie, fireman; and Will Quesenberry, brakeman, went down in the wreck. Wingate had his right arm broken and was cut about the head. Royal's right arm and left leg were broken. McKinnie was cut about the body and also injured internally. Quesenberry had both legs broken.

The Weather.

The old wave centred over the Mississippi Valley yesterday, the cold spreading over every State east of the Rocky Mountains, except the southern part of Florida. The temperature touched freezing point to the north of this city, in the lake regions, in all the central States south of Kentucky and Missouri, and in all the Western States north of Kansas. At White Elver,

all the Western States north of Kansas. At White River, in the Lake Superior region, it was but 69 above zero, and 189 at Montreal; the cold is likely to last in this region until Thursday, when it will become warmer. Fair weather prevailed yesterday in all parts of the country, except for a light fall of rain on the California coast, and a heavy local rain in Arkansas.

The prospects are that the fair weather will isst till Thursday in the Atlantic States. Brisk northwest winds prevailed over the middle Atlantic and New England coasts yesterday, and should blow from the same direction today. In this city the temperature dropped to 579, highest 40% average humidity 53 per

dropped to 87°, highest 40°, average humidity 53 per cent.; wind northwest, average velocity 16 miles an The thermometer at Perry's pharmacy in Tax Sun

Average on Nov. 2, 1800

LOCAL FORECAST UNIL S.F. N. TURNDAY.
For southeastern New York, including Long Island, also for western Connecticut and northern New Jer sey, fair, slightly colder, northwest winds. Wednesday

wave of high pressure, the crest of which overlies th country between Wisconsin and Ohio. East of the Mississippi River the winds are northerly; west of it they are southerly. The north winds and advance of the high pressure, have brought a moderately cool wave over the country in general, being most marked in the upper Missisalppi and the Ohio vaileys, the lake region, New York, New England, and the middle Atlantic States. The attending cool and mostly sunshiny weather should continue Tuesday and Wednesday over most district east of the Rocky Mountains. As the winds west of the high passaure continue southerly, a gradual increase in warmth and return to seasonable temperatures will occur west of the Missis-sippi River on Tucsdey, Wednesday, and following sippi River on Tuesday, Wednesday, and following few days. There is a storm central north-west of Montana which will move enstward, and its effect upon the weather conditions will be to hasten the rise in temperature in the Northwest. This disturbance will probably follow the high area. This and the conditions on the Gulf should be watched for storm development, which latter is likely to make its appearance at Brownsville, but until the high pressure wave passes into the Atlantic pleasant weather may b

For New England, eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvan and New Jersey, aminued and generally northerly winds and fair neather; slightly warmer and fair Wellensley. For the District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, continued cool fair weather; winds generally northerly; warmer

and fair Wednesday.

For western New York, western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio, fair weather; variable winds; slight changes in temperature; warmer and generally fair Wednesday. VOTE, AND VOTE STRAIGHT.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

COUNTY DEMOCRACY LEADERS HAVE GOT OUT FASSETT PASTERS.

Their Workers Ordered to Hand Them Out to Voters To-day-Throw Them Away and Get a Ticket with Roswell P. Flower's Name at the Top of It

The polls are open in this city from 6 A. M. to 4 P. M. to-day, and during that time every elizen who is registered may exercise the privilege and discharge the duty of voting against Platt and the enemies of the metropolis. He should take care that by no hook or crook is a Fassett and Vrooman paster ballot foisted on him. Part of the Platt plot for capturing the city consists of a plan to humbug voters into his support, and part of it of a scheme to utilize the votes of what is left of the County De-

mocracy organization.

The humbug and false pretence that has formed the backbone of the Fassett campaign are to be still relied upon at the polls. Some of the County Democracy leaders, under cover of the action of the County Committee endorsing the Saratoga State ticket, will attempt to deceive the voters by running out Fassett tickets. It is well known that the great body of the remaining voters in the County Democracy cannot be influenced against the State ticket. So the job was undertaken by unscrupulous leaders to try to delude voters who might rely upon the County Com-mittee's action, and might take their paster ballots from the County Democracy poli-workers as all right. This explains the mystery where the money to run the County Democracy canvass came from, and confirms the suspicion that it was Platt's money.

Last evening in twenty election districts of the Nineteenth Assembly district Fassett State tickets with the County Democracy, county, and district nominations on them were put in the hands of the County Democracy workers

for use at the polls to-day.

T. Hugh Boorman, the C. D. candidate for Assemblyman, put these paster ballots into the hands of the workers and assured them that he got them from D. Lowber Smith, the leader of the district. Mr. Smith was formerly Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, and now has a little place in the Comptroller's office. Many of the tickets soon found their way into the hands of the

lor's office. Many of the tickets soon found their way into the hands of the regular Democrats of the district. Not a few of the loyal Democrats in the County Democracy organization preferred to follow the County Committee in support of the State ticket. The warning was spread through the district at once, and all voters to-day will be warned to look out sharply, and not be imposed unon by the humbug tickets. Even the County Democracy workers say that they do not expect to get many of them into the ballot boxes.

A committee from the Nineteenth district consisting of Commissioner Bronnan, William B Finley, and A. A. Rediteld reported the matter at the State headquarters and at Tammany Hall. They also exhibited the purple badge and white satin streamer of the disgusted County man who had exposed the plot to them. The streamer bore the words:

"Forthe Australian Blanket Ballot System and Home Rule."

Mayor Grant, Richard Croker, and Corporation Counsel Clark, who were among the Tammany men whose attention was called to the matter, united in saying that mighty few votes would be affected that way. The Tammany workers will be instructed to warn all voters to look out for these pasters that sayor of the calleo combine of last year. A similar discovery was made in the Seventeenth district and the following letter is one of the results?

**Charles A. Jordsm. Chairman of the Committee New York Constiller New York County Democracy—Islan Siz. Being the senter York County Democracy—Islan Siz. Being the senter

and the following letter is one of the results!

Charles A. Jockon, Chairmon of the County Committee New York Consey Lemoner—Bass Siz. Being the sensor member of the County Isemocracy organization of the Naturalization Committee of the organization, hereby tender my resignation as a member of said organization committee of the organization, hereby tender my resignation as a member of said organization for the following reasons: I was until this evening the County Democracy captain of the Forty-eixth election district of the Seventeenth Assembly district. When ballots were being given out this evening I discovered that the straight Republican State ticket was given out this evening I discovered that the straight Republican State ticket was given out with instructions that the same be worked by the different captains. Another person had been selected as captain of the district my place, and a person who did not reside in the district. This, I presume, was done because, when asked yesterday at a succial meeting of the County Democracy Committee whether or not I would support the Republican that the ticket, I answered in the most duched manthat the ticket, I answered in the most duched manthat the State Chewell P. Flower and the enjire Democratic State ticket. Very truly yours.

Jone T. Karnen, 363 west Fitty-dirst st.

New York, Nov. 1

New York, Nov. 1

The discovery of the facts of this deal was a cause of satisfaction rather than otherwise at the Democratic headquarters. It served to show what reliance and expectation has been inspiring the confidence that Platt & Co. axpress, and knowing how poor in effect this scheme is sure to prove the Democratic managers could see that the confidence was all bluff. luff.
Fassett and Dinkel pasters were distributed

Fassett and Dinkel pasters were distributed last night through the Seventh Senate district. The Steckler combination also resorted to the device of sending out paster ballots on which Senator George F. Roesch, the Tammany candidate, appears as a candidate in the Fifth instead of in the Seventh district, William Solmer, the Tammany candidate for Assembly in the First instead of in the Tenth district, and Joseph Martin, the Tammany candidate for Alderman in the First instead of in the Tenth district.

Another trick of Tammany's enemies has been the sending out of paster ballots with the name of Senator Jacob A. Cantor as a candidate in the Eleventh instead of the Tenth Senate district. Voters are cautioned to use only the pasters furnished them by the official workers of the candidates for whom they wish to vote.

only the pasters furnished them by the official workers of the candidates for whom they wish to vote.

The official ballots are all in the hands of the police in closed packages. They will remain in the station houses until roll call this morning. The roll will be called at 5 o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, because the polis open at d. Two policemen are detailed to each election district, and to these men the official ballots for these polling places will be given this morning. The tailots of each party are done up in separate pasteboard boxes. There is no mark on the box except the number of the election district.

Besides receiving these pasteboard boxes of ballots, the policemen will receive the keys to the ballot boxes. They will deliver the ballots and the keys to the inspectors of election before 6 A. M. The ballot boxes were delivered yesterday afternoon, and were put in place last night.

Before the polis are opened the inspectors of election will unlock the ballot boxes and see that there is nothing in them. Only 7,000,000 ballots are supplied this year, against 12,000,000 last year, the amendments to the law having cut off a great lot of weste.

No arrangements have been made for receiving the returns for the public at the Democratic State Headquarters. There is not room enough to do it there.

But at Tammany Hall the usual arrangements have been made is necessare being awaited. Returns from other States will also be read.

PERRINEVILLE'S MYSTERY.

Farmer Huitz Makes a Tardy Admission That Accounts for the Broken Buggy. HEIGHTSTOWN, Nov. 2.-The search was continued to-day for Dr. H. T. Mac Millan of Perrineville, who has been missing since Friday

A party of gunners with hounds are scouring the woods and marshes in and around Perrineville, with the hope of finding the body of MacMillan, if he is really dead. A brother of Dr. MacMillan bas learned that a farmer named Hultz, living two miles from the place where Dr. MacMillan's broken buggy was found. Dr. MacMillan's broken buggy was found, admits that his heavy farm wagon collided with the doctor's buggy. Huitz says that the collision threw Dr. MacMillan out of the buggy, and that the buggy was wrecked so that his horse got free and ran in the direction of Mr. MacMillan's home. Huitz according to Dr. MacMillan's brother, says his own horse took fright and became unmanageable, and that he was unable to tell what became of Dr. MacMillan.

The fact that Huitz, who was the last person to see Dr. MacMillan alive, kept silent for two days, is regarded as strange.

The County Democracy's Ballot. In each polling place will be found an official ballo in each pointing place will be formed an official ballot containing names of the candidates mominated and supported by the County Democracy organization. This ballot will be identified by the name of Francis M Scott, who has been nominated by that organization for Justice of the Supreme Court. Paster ballots containing the names of all of such candidates may be obtained in each electron district near the polling place from a County Democracy representative.—Adv.

Wagner perfected vestibule, most efficient safety de rice known in use on all through trains of the host York Central.—Adv.